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Wm Brousseau Collection

Adam Clifford's Temptation.

I.

Adam Clifford was his mother's darling, and his father's too, for that matter. Not an unusual state of things when the son is the only child of a late marriage. Adam had known no home except the quiet Vicarage of a scattered village in a remote corner of England. His studies were supervised by his father until he was old enough to join a class of students in a market town not far distant.

'We must send him to Cambridge,' remarked the Rev. James Clifford to his invalid wife, patting fondly the golden hair of his little son, and gazing into the fearless blue eyes.

'How are we to manage it?' asked the practical mother, doubtfully, thinking of the exceedingly small stipend which they entirely depended on.

'He will get a scholarship, of course, and we must manage the rest,' replied the father.

'And he must be a clergyman,' they both agreed.

And so his future was planned. Naturally clever, he soon gave promise of fulfilling his parents' dearest wishes, and the autumn of his nineteenth year saw him fully installed at Cambridge as a theological student.

He was home now for his first vacation, apparently unspoilt by his fuller, more exciting life,—the same loving, devoted son, full of health and spirit, and ready to settle down for a few weeks to the quiet country life to which he had always been accustomed. His one fault lay in his thoughtlessness, which often caused unintentional pain to those who loved him. . . .

'Hullo, Lucy! why you're prettier than ever, and—you've turned your hair up!'

'And quite time too,' laughed the young daughter of the country doctor, glad of an opportunity of breaking the slight constraint which had fallen on them at their first meeting. These two had been playmates from childhood, had roamed the moors together, had gone fishing and butterflying together, and together had got into many varied scrapes. But the natural shyness caused by a long separation soon wore off, and they were as free as ever. Lucy was a sweet, fresh young girl, tall and graceful, with fair hair and aristocratic features.

'You're not changed a bit,' she cried delightedly, after he had given her a long description of his new life and surroundings—intensely interesting to a country-bred girl whose only experience of life was that of a boarding-school in a small town.

'And why should I be?' he asked with a surprised look in his dark blue eyes.

'Oh, I don't know, people said you would be. But come in and have some tea—it's getting cold.'

II.

'I say, Clifford, come round to my rooms. I want to introduce you to Mallet and Jones.'

'Thanks, Hardy, but I've already told you it would not do for me to know your rich friends. I can neither afford the time from my work, nor the expense of their society.'

'But this is our third year, so you will not have to keep up their acquaintance for long.'

And in the end he yielded. . . .

'Clifford, you are just the man for the vacancy in my pater's business. Shut up your books after the exam., and go down with me. Your sort of work doesn't pay. What is a clergyman worth? If you get on in our firm, as I feel sure you will, you'll be a rich man in no time. And isn't there a fair one to consider?'

Thus the temptation came, and though for some time it was resisted, in the end it overcame him. In his native country village he had led a perfectly contented life, but after a time, when he saw more of the world, he felt the contrast between his own position and that of so many of his friends, and by degrees the strict economy he had to practise became irksome to him. In his thoughtlessness and reckless anxiety to make money he forgot the seriousness of giving up his destined profession, and the disappointment he would be causing the parents who had sacrificed so much for him.

BUT, LUCY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

III.

'My dearest Parents,—You will rejoice that I am through, and able to take my degree in a few days. I rejoice, I can tell you, for now no more books. I have a better prospect than books can give me. I have made up my mind to give up the Church and go into bu[illegible] I have a splendid opening offered me in t[illegible] of Jones' pater, and I think you will be [illegible] pleased that I shall be off your hands so mu[illegible] sooner than you expected. You will not have to screw and scrape so much now. I am afraid I shall not be able to go down and see you for some time, as I am to go to town directly after degree day, and commence work at once. With love, your affectionate son, Adam.'

The letter dropped from the clergyman's hands, and he bowed his head with grief and disappointment.

'I am the one to blame—I have trusted too much to his youth and inexperience, and forgetting his characteristic thoughtlessness, sent him up to Cambridge insufficiently armed to resist the "world." So blind have I been that I have not impressed upon him the sacredness of the calling I chose for him, and I fear he has looked upon it in the light of a mere profession. . . .'

And after a while he rose, and went into the garden to break the news to the gentle mother who was reclining on a couch under the trees. The soft June breezes blew, and the sunlight and shadows flickered on the unheeding figure of two who had denied themselves much for

the sake of him who had shattered their hopes to the ground.

IV.

'But Lucy—I don't understand. I thought it was a settled thing long ago. We were born for one another, and you have given me every reason to hope. I am making money, and can offer you a good home. Why will you not listen to me?'

'It is true . . . I did once love an honest, true, open-hearted boy . . . I loved a student for the Church—one who was to devote his life to the highest and noblest calling. . . . But he is gone, and I cannot love the one who now stands in his place.'

'But why, Lucy? I am the same. . . . I have not altered much, though I have given up sentimental religious beliefs. I have kept steady—and now I am in a fair way of becoming a rich man, and can give you a better home than I ever expected to. What is the difference in me?'

'All this is the difference,' was the quick though sad response. 'The world has come between you and me—the world and all the things that are in the world. I could have loved and waited for a poor hardworking curate, but I cannot yoke myself with an unbeliever.'

'You shall do just what you like, and have plenty of money for charities and all that . . . then your answer is final, Lucy?'

She was done, and he retraced his steps alone over the moors where they had played as happy, light-hearted children.

V.

'Your father is very ill. Come at once.'

The short message was handed to Adam Clifford on Saturday night. Another year of ambition and love of money had hardened him, and, though free from vices, had deepened his love for the things of the world, until his old life seemed very far away, and the religious training of his boyhood was forgotten altogether. Saturday night—his father ill, and perhaps dying. He could only get as far as N—— that night, and would probably have to wait till Monday morning to pursue his journey. Arrived at N—— he was forced to possess his soul in patience. But would the time never pass? What a dreary Sunday in a small cathedral town! He must do something. He would go and see the cathedral. But hush—a service is taking place—he would sit down and listen to the music. . . .

Presently the music ceased, and after a moment or two an unseen voice gave out the text. 'And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?' He started as if he had been struck. God was calling him—'Where art thou?' His own father was calling him. The scales fell from his eyes, and in a moment he saw all, the folly and emptiness of worldly gain and worldly life, and before he left the cathedral his flesh came again to him as the flesh of a little child. 'Adam, where art thou?' kept ringing in his ears as the train sped onwards through the night, and the answer was not unheard amid the bustle and roar of the railway—'Here am I, Lord.'

Epilogue.

The new curate of Glentworth, whose duty it was to relieve the vicar whom age and ill-health rendered unfit for the work of so wide a parish—the new curate walked across his native moors to a certain garden in the valley. A fair young form was sitting in the shade, book in hand, but she was not reading. . . . 'Lucy!' with humility—'will you love the poor curate, and share his work with him?'

Long after, the old people were laid to their rest, one of the most hard-working clergymen of a poor district in London was Adam Clifford, encouraged, strengthened and aided by his help-meet Lucy.—M. E. E. Storey, in the 'Sunday at Home.'

'Narrowed' Lives.

(Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The phrase 'narrowed lives' was suggested to me by the words of a friend who is deaf. 'My life is narrowing down to a dreary point,' she said. 'Can I do nothing to make it worth my while to live?'

I have thought much about it since then. Should life to an immortal being ever 'narrow down'? Was not the path that God's children tread intended to grow brighter and brighter 'unto the perfect day?'

Yes, I know, there are physical limitations; yet, when one thinks of Helen Keller, one feels that common drawbacks ought not to be mentioned. Still, to the ones limited they are always present, and the days must be planned with them in view. I wonder whether it would not be possible so to plan that the very narrowing of one's circle because of them would deepen the influence for those reached.

Let me dream a little. I have a friend who is sufficiently deaf to be embarrassed by ordinary conversation. She almost dreads even the family circle, because friends are likely to drop in and try their nerves, and hers, with attempts to make her understand. She is over-sensitive, of course; that is one of the results of any physical limitation, and calls for a resolute will to put it aside as much as may be.

But my friend knows how to read aloud in a manner to make even the ordinary daily newspaper attractive to listeners.

In the city where she lives there are many blind people, and many who, though not entirely blind, have so limited sight that they can read very little for themselves. In my dream I behold that good reader planning to enter that open door, selecting her friends, choosing her material, apportioning her leisure time, and becoming by degrees a minister of grace to those who, if they cannot see, can hear, and who learn to love the 'music of her voice' not only, but who grow into sympathy with the great thoughts she brings to them. More than that, some among them, I note, as the days pass are being led into intimate fellowship with the Master; and I know that there will be stars in my friend's crown, almost because of her physical limitations.

I know another woman who is quite deaf, but she has a choice pen. Her style is so very charmingly natural and conversational, and she has so many pleasant topics to write about, that entire strangers beg to hear her letters read.

In my dream I see that woman making a systematic offering of this special gift for the comfort and uplifting of the 'shut-in' sisters who are everywhere. She has a list of people about whom she has heard incidentally; and with these, as many as her time and strength will allow, she opens correspondence, and carries the breath of flowers and the sound of birds and the sunshine of sympathy and good cheer straight into their sick-rooms. She does more than that; she breathes about those beds of pain the aroma of one who 'has been with Jesus,' so that they come to know him in a new and blessed sense; and only the pen of inspiration could tell the story of what her ministrations accomplish.

There was a young woman who used to attend the Pastor's Aid Society to which I belonged years ago. She ceased coming because of deafened and sensitive ears, and lives a narrowed life because of them. Yesterday I had a thought about her, which in my solitude I spoke aloud.

'Why don't they make that woman their society treasurer? She is business-like and methodical. She would keep every item of income and outgo in so plain a way that he who runs could read. Because of her deafness all reports would have to be rendered to her in writing, which would be good for the society, and excellent discipline for its members. She would be a capital collector of dues because of her business methods, and also because no delinquent would like to meet her, on the street, for instance, and scream out an excuse for further delay. I am quite sure that physical limitations in this case would increase usefulness.'

This reminds me of another woman who used to be an active member of a missionary circle, but who now sits at home alone on the day of the meeting, and sometimes weeps because she can no longer hear well enough to keep in touch with the work. That is what she thinks. But I have a vision of her as having gathered about her blank books of convenient size and shape, one for each mission field. They are labelled 'Africa,' 'India,' 'Mexico,' and the like. For these books she began to glean and clip and copy. From newspapers, from magazines, from rare books, from reports written to her by personal friends, from any and every source of supply that an indefatigable gleaner can discover, she gathered her treasures, pasting or writing each in its own order. In due course of time it became noised abroad that 'Aunt Mary,' as she was familiarly called, had a valuable scrap-book on India, for instance; and the army of overworked, hurried people, as well as the army of careless people who neglect preparation, fell into the habit of going to her for help. In my vision the work grew and grew, until the time came when Aunt Mary was not only in touch with the missionary circle again, but was the recognized authority on missions for every member of that church; and every member of her circle was proud of her.

Postal Crusade.

Our many readers who are interested in this work will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Cole has been ill for some time, and quite unable either to answer letters from friends in India and this country or to continue the little leaflet, 'The Post-Office Crusade.' With returning health she hopes to be able to take up her work again, but meantime wishes to make this explanation.

From a letter recently received from Mrs. Cole, we take the following acknowledgments and items of interest regarding the work of the Crusade:—

'The sum of $1 has been received from W. W. and H. W. for a 'Messenger' to India, the balance to go to the cot in Dr. Grenfell's Hospital.

'I cannot give addresses of boys or girls in India in the 'Messenger.' The Mormons watch its pages, and if addresses of natives are given they will be supplied with Mormon literature. Neither do I send them now to those who ask for them. In the above instance the 'Messenger' will go to the little son of "Pearl of Bliss" and "Heavenly Happiness." Their marriage was a romance in India, and their little children are charming. The father, who is a friend of Miss Dunhill, carries the 'Messengers' in all directions.

'$51.25 came in, in one day in April, from two friends who support a native preacher and Bible Woman in India.

'$10.00 came from Mrs. Lee at Calcutta in April, and $5.00 for the "Kavi," a native paper.

'$2.20 was also contributed by a friend in Ottawa for the Crusade, in April.

'With gratitude for what has been received, trusting still to be of service "some glad day,"

'Faithfully,

'M. EDWARDS COLE.'

Acknowledgement.

FOR THE LABRADOR MISSION.

Previously acknowledged, $28.35; In His Name, $3; A Friend, Barrington, $1; Ida M. Thomas, Argyle Head, $1; Annie B., Castleford, 50c; Harry J. McNally, Blair, $1; total, $34.85.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Life's Sunshine.

O, never shut within your life
The all of good you know,
But send it forth that other lives
That good may see and know.

The light that sends its rays abroad,
Some one may help to cheer;
The light that's 'neath a bushel hid
Is smothered, wasted here.

Then let a little sunshine in,
Is not the only way;
But let a little sunshine out,
That all may catch a ray.

—Exchange.

Strangely Tested.

(Maud A. Simpson, in 'Toilers of the Deep.')

It was the end of June in Labrador. The earth had grown tired of her wintry robe of snowy white, and had donned a cheerier garment of bronze and green. Even the grass had been aroused from its long sleep by the kiss of the sunshine, and the gentle whispers of the dew; while Nature, with her silent skill, had touched their faded blades with her emerald-dipped brush. The stern grey rocks would be grey to the end of the ages, but not stern enough to prevent the climbing mosses and quaint lichen from softening their outward aspect. The beautiful blue of the sky seemed only intensified by the brilliant sunshine, and the soft warm wind carried on its wings the scent of the distant woods, as if to remind the bare bleak coast that the earth had still some leafy trees and flowering dells. There were no trees there, no flowers, no song of birds or droning of bees; only the wild, weird howl of the Esquimaux dogs now and again broke the stillness of the air.

Although it was June, ice was all round. Huge icebergs, with their blue caverns and fringing icicles dazzling in whiteness and glittering in the sunlight, moving majestically, and drifting with the current, sometimes diving down slowly into the sea like some living monster, and rising again, with water falling from every side. But the fisherman sees in the iceberg an instrument of misfortune, and often death, rather than a thing of majesty and beauty. It has robbed him of much-needed dollars many a time, aye, and robbed him of the dearest, sometimes. Is it any wonder then that to him the ice is often a dread enemy?

The mail boat had just landed her passengers on the wharf as two men strolled down the steep path from the store, with their hands in their pockets, and a most despondent expression on their faces. They were speaking in an undertone, but were evidently none the less in earnest.

'I tell you what it amounts to, George,' one of them was saying, 'it just amounts to this; we can't do nothing with the nets, so it's no good to try. There's plenty o' fish on the ground, but there's too much ice on the top for me. I feels bad about the fishing this year, somehow, don't you?'.

'I does so,' replied the other man, at the same time refilling his old brown pipe; 'all the same, they's had a sign o' fish along shore. Jim Harris got five quintals on Friday, he did so.'

'Ah, maybe,' answered the first speaker somewhat testily, 'and I could get my five quintals, and fifty more, if the ice would only clear off. I tell you, we'd have another song to sing if we'd got the nets outside the South'ard Tickle, round the point, there.'

George Bussey blew out several rings of smoke before he took any notice of his companion, then he looked him straight in the face and spoke.

'It strikes me, Henry, we none on us does as much singin' as we might do; we does plenty o' complainin', or, as ye might say, singin' out o' tune most o' the time, but I think that we's precious slow bein' thankful when things does go right; least, that's my way o' thinkin',' and as he spoke he took his pipe from his mouth, tapped it three or four times on the palm of his hand, and proceeded to fill it for the third time that evening.

'I suppose you sets yourself up for a preacher, George Bussey,' was the reply, and a nasty sneer lurked in the faint smile. 'It's all very fine preachin', but I always says to myself when a chap likes you takes to it, he's either lucky or soft, one or t'other.'

'That's a new idea,' George responded, with a hearty laugh, as he took off his cap and rubbed his hand over his head, ''pon my word it is. Lucky or soft,' he repeated, 'which is I, Henry? or, maybe, I'm both. Eh, that's good now to be sure.'

Henry Dawe and George Bussey had been chums for many years, and since the latter had become converted he had been unmercifully taunted by his old friend, who, somehow, always failed to trip him up, or make him lose his temper. That night the very way in which his sarcastic remark had been received only served to irritate him in the extreme.

'Well, to tell you the truth, George, I thinks you're both. You most always gets a lucky berth for your trap, and good money for the fish, somehow; and you never gets down with no sickness; and if that isn't luck, I'd like to have your name for it. And, like most religious folk, you're a bit soft inclined. Now, I says, we can all be good Christians when all goes straight with us; but I likes to see a man who keeps up his religion when he's struck down.'

Again his listener laughed. 'That's as good as sayin' you wants to see me in the hospital yonder, Henry,' pointing with his finger towards the long white building halfway up the hill.

'Not I, boy, I ain't quite so mean as that; all the same, I'd be more inclined to listen to a sermon from you after.'

George took a few steps forward before he replied to this, then said quietly, as his voice softened, 'Well, we all has as much trouble as is good for us; and we never knows who'll be the next to be smitten down.'

And then the conversation turned to other channels, and the difference of opinion was forgotten in new interests.

* * * * * * * *

Indian Harbor Hospital was in full swing, for it had been open over a month for the season's work, and only one bed remained vacant in the men's ward, when orders were given for another man's admission. The Sister met him just as he reached the ward door, and welcomed him in.

'Good morning, Skipper,' she said, with a friendly smile (for she had learnt how to please the men by this title of honor); then added cheerily, 'you're only just in time to get a bed; we're full up, as you see. Now there's a cosy corner for you, right by the window. It won't do for me to say it's the best bed in the ward, or I shall have the others jealous, but it's one of the best.'

He had come in with his hand in a sling, and evidently it was only one of the many 'bad fingers' or 'poisoned hands' that the fishermen on the coast suffer from; indeed, that fishermen all over the world know only too well.

An hour after, the Doctor had left the ward, the patient's finger had been carefully dressed, and he was lying back as comfortable as he could be under the circumstances. The Sister was sitting by his side, with note book and pencil in hand intending to take down the usual particulars of the new admission.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Beggin' your pardon, mam, I didn't catch just what you asked. Oh,' as the question was repeated, 'oh, yes, mam, my name is George Bussey, that's my name.'

'And how old are you, George?'

'Well, now,' he answered slowly, 'I don't know as I can tell you how old I is, for I doesn't know myself. How old should you take me for, mam?'

The Sister looked at him for a moment; it was not the first time she had been asked this question by a long way.

'I should think you might be somewhere about 58 or 60 years of age; do you remember the year you were born?'

His face brightened wonderfully as he replied, 'Aye, yes, mam, I can tell you that easy: I was borned two years afore my brother John, as works at the whale factory, he's my youngest brother; an' Will, that's the oldest, he were three years ahead o' me. That'll tell you how old I is.'

But the Sister had forgotten how to work problems of this sort, and not wishing to display her ignorance, wrote down 58 and a query in her book, and proceeded to question him.

'Where do you come from?'

'Salvage, Bonavista Bay, mam, is my home when I'm there.'

'And are you a Catholic or a Protestant?'

'I ain't neither, mam, I'm Church of England.'

She smiled as she closed her book, and put it in the back of her wallet.

'Now, tell me, how did you manage to get such a bad hand?' she asked, settling down for five minutes' chat.

'Well, mam, to be honest with you, I'll tell you the truth. Me and Henry, that's my chum, one of our crew, was out in a boat jiggin' a few fish; you see, we couldn't do nothin' with the nets, there bein' so much ice, so we was out seein' what we could do with hook and line. We'd got a nice few in the boat; in fac', the bottom was pretty thick with 'em, when Henry he wants a extra jigger as he'd brought with him. He couldn't lay his hand on it, so I begins to hunt for it among the fish at the bottom of the boat, and, to make a long story short, mam, I was jiggered myself before I knowed it. It's awful painful, mam, almost as much as I can stand; it's like a knife up my arm, sometimes.'

'Yes, I expect it is very sharp,' said the Sister, kindly; 'but you must be as patient as you can, and if it gets really more than you can bear, just tell me, and Doctor will give you something to relieve it.'

A few days passed by, and although the hand was very painful, scarcely anything but gratitude was heard from his lips. He was a model patient. There were constant changes in the ward, and a week after his admission two more beds were empty. Dinner had just been cleared away when a loud knock came at the back door. There had been an accident on a schooner close by, and the stretcher was wanted at once.

If sounds were anything to judge by, it was a bad case, for the man's groans could be heard

long before he reached the hospital; and all faces in the ward were turned anxiously toward the door as those who carried him ascended the stairs.

'Oh, my,' he murmured, as he was laid on the bed, 'oh, my, I'm done for this time; I can never stand this; Lord, help us; oh, my arm, my arm, what shall I do?' and he rolled his head restlessly to and fro. He was evidently in great pain.

'Dislocation of the shoulder, Sister,' said the Doctor hurriedly, as he passed out of the ward; 'get things ready, I'll be up in a few minutes. It's his left arm; be careful how you touch him, won't you?'

It did not take long to prepare the necessary articles for the operation. Soon the chloroform, cotton wool, bandages, were on the small white table at the bedside, all garments covering the arm had been cut away, and it only awaited the skilful hand of the surgeon to remedy the harm done. The poor sufferer's groans had been pitiful to hear, but each moment they were becoming less.

'Now take deep breaths as if you were going to sleep,' said the Doctor kindly, trying to set his fears at rest; 'don't be afraid, you won't feel anything,' but the man strongly objected to the mask being near his face, and struggled, as well as he could, to push it away. The Doctor, however, was too used to such treatment, and apparently took little notice, he knew that every second only increased the discomfort of the injured limb.

'That's right, he said, encouragingly, as the patient became quieter, 'breathe away, it's not very nice stuff—is it? but it will soon be all over,' and a little more of the anaesthetic was dropped on the cone.

Quieter and quieter he became, until the deep, regular breathings told that the desired effect had been produced. Then the Doctor moved quickly, for there was no time to be lost.

The towel covering the arm was removed. With one hand the surgeon grasped the big brawny hand of the fisherman, and with the other felt carefully the seat of the injury.

'That's it, Sister,' he murmured, as the exact movement necessary was ascertained, 'now for it.'

It was a matter of skill, but it was also a matter of strength. With two hands now holding firmly to the hand of the patient, he placed one foot in the armpit, then carefully manipulating the arm, pulled with all his might. There was a sharp crack, as of two smooth surfaces coming suddenly together, and the thing was done.

'Cotton wool, Sister, please.' It was in his hand at once. 'Bandages,' and instantly the wide rolls were in position for use. The mask had been removed, and slowly the patient was regaining consciousness, for the anaesthesia had been but brief.

All the other men in the ward were listening, glad of anything to break the monotony of the long days. None of them had seen him yet, for his cap had been pulled down over his eyes, and numberless quilts were tucked in around him, so that nothing was visible when he entered the ward. The screens had not been taken away when a voice called, 'Sister.'

'Yes,' she replied, immediately slipping inside the screens, 'anything you want?'

'No, mam,' he answered faintly; 'is it done?'

'Yes, it's all done, and now you must rest a little; would you like a pillow?' and, finding he would, one was given him, and, closing the screens behind her, she passed down the ward to another patient who had called her.

It was George Bussey this time. 'Sister,' he said, 'maybe I'm mistook, but it seems to me as if that man's voice were familiar like to me; in fact, I would almost swear that it were my chum speakin'. You thinks I'm dreamin', Sister, but, for sure, it's uncommon like him.'

'His name is Henry Dawe, at least, so the men said who brought him.'

George became quite animated on hearing this. 'There,' he said, 'as if I could be mistook. That's him, Sister. Well now, to think on us meetin' in hospital. Poor chap, he little bargained for this, I know. He and me was a-talkin' only a short time back on religious matters, and he were makin' fun o' what I said, and called me a preachin' chap what never was sick. He said, too, if I got sick, I'd most likely go agin my preaching', and grumble. Then my hand got bad, and I had to come in here, but I have tried hard, Sister, to be patient, an' act like a Christian's supposed to.'

'Well, George,' she said, looking into the bronzed old face, 'you have been patient; I was only saying to Doctor the other evening I had scarcely heard a murmur since you came in, and you've had good reason to complain with a hand like yours. God has helped you bear the pain, George. He has been a "refuge in the time of storm," and a "very present help in time of trouble."'

'Indeed, he have, Sister,' he said reverently. 'I feeled somehow as this were to be my testin', for I never had much trials, as you might say, so Henry were right when he said he'd sooner listen to my preachin' after I'd been sick than afore. There, maybe I'll be a blessin' to 'im, yet, God helpin' me.'

The man was really in earnest, and he who hears before we call had noted the unspoken desire of the simple-hearted fisherman, and was even then granting his request.

The next morning the screens were removed, and the two men saw each other for the first time in the hospital ward. There was a surprised greeting, and an animated questioning, then a silence which was at last broken by the man in the corner bed.

'Henry,' he asked, 'do you 'member our talk about luck a few weeks back?'

'Indeed, I does,' responded his companion, emphasizing the words, 'what 'ave you got to say about it now, George? changed your tale, maybe?'

'Not a bit, boy; this have been a good stroke o' luck for me; it 'ave taught me patience. I tells you it have been a hard test, but God is faithful, and he have stood by me, and he has strengthened me, and I thanks him for his goodness.'

'Aye, George, you're on the right tack, I believes; anyway, I shan't be the man to scorn your preachin' after this. If you can talk like you does after all you've suffered with that 'ere hand, there must be somethin' in religion. I had more pain in one hour than I cares for, and you have been in 'ere a week or more, and don't complain; I has faith in a man what sings the same song after a week in hospital. I tells you, George, you've preached the best sermon you ever preached, and if I gets to heaven, it'll be through you.'

'Not me, boy; I has only been a instrument, but Jesus Christ can save you.' That was all he said, but in his heart he thanked God, who had, in a mysterious way indeed, 'blessed him and made him a blessing.'

We will be glad to receive any sum, large or small, to aid in the work of the Labrador Mission, and will acknowledge all such contributions in this paper. Kindly state whether for 'Messenger' Cot or for general work of Dr. Grenfell and his fellow-laborers.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Dog Saved the Lives of Two Horses.

We see that at a small town near Egg Harbor in New Jersey the following occurrence took place recently: A man with a team of horses and a dog stopped at a house to transact some business, leaving his horses unfastened. When he came out, the horses and dog had disappeared. He at once instituted a search and, the neighbors aiding him, went over the road in every direction, but found no trace of the missing animals. He finally became convinced that they were stolen. During two or three days he was devising what means to take to recover them, when the dog, which had not been seen since the supposed theft, appeared at his house seeming almost frantic from hunger. They gave him food, but as soon as he was satisfied off he went again, barking violently as if seeming to draw attention to his movements. They concluded to follow him. He led them to a forest some distance away, where they found the horses stalled, the waggon having been caught between two trees so that it could not be moved. The horses had gnawed the bark of the trees and eaten everything of a vegetable nature within their reach. They appeared almost exhausted from hunger; but it was not too late to save them. The faithful dog had accompanied them when they strayed away, and had waited to watch over them, hoping that relief would come, until he became so hungry that he returned home, inducing them, by his barking, to follow him, when he started forth again to resume his charge.—'Journal of Zoophily.'

Stories of the Chickadees.

(Leander S. Keyser, in the 'Classmate.')

I want to tell you a few things about chickadees which found a home on my premises for several years, and also about some of their feathered neighbors. Perhaps these stories will encourage you to feed the birds about your houses and study them at short range. Only do not harm them, but treat them as kindly as you can.

You know the cunning little chickadee, do you not? It is the small, bluish-gray bird that wears a black skull cap, and tucks a black napkin under its chin, so that it covers its whole throat and breast.

A pair of these tomtits—for that is one of their names, too, lived about my house for a number of years, and were joined one winter by another couple. For a while the first pair did not take kindly to the idea of sharing their tables of 'goodies' with the strangers, but, as the latter would not go away, all parties agreed to make the best of the situation, though sometimes there was great clamor in tomtit circles. Most of their food was spread on my window sill, and consisted of cracked walnuts, hickory nuts, hemp seed and suet.

Many incidents occurred to keep their lives from becoming tame and humdrum. One winter night a gentle rain froze as it fell, sheathing all the branches and twigs in a mail of crystal. While it made the world look like a vast cathedral, especially when the sun rose, and brought many exclamations of delight from human lips, it made the perches terribly slippery for the little bird folks. In trying to alight on the branches that were too large to be encircled by their tiny toes they would slip and 'scoot off,' and could recover their balance only by a dexterous use of their wings. A hard scramble would also follow whenever they tried to cling to the icy sides of the tree trunks. One cannot help wondering whether the tomtits enjoyed coasting on the trees as much as the boys

and girls did down the steep, ice-clad hills.

On that day the male chickadee flew to the window-sill, seized a walnut shell with a kernel in it, and darted with it to a twig in a small apple tree. The shell was almost too large for him to handle. However, he held it on the twig with his claws, and began to peck at the kernel in his vigorous way; but the branch was icy, and the little diner suddenly slipped around to the under side where he clung back downward for a while pecking at the 'goodie.' No, he was not going to be balked by 'any old ice,' not he! Presently he let the emptied shell drop to the ground, and flew to the window for another morsel.

Afterward the little female also slipped to the underside of an ice-clad twig, but for some reason her hold loosened, and down went both bird and shell to the ground in a flutter and whirl that was laughable. But she was not going to be outwitted, either, any more than her spouse was; for, in descending, she held on to her shell, and wheeled around so dexterously that she struck the ground feet down and back up, in the bird's normal position; then, giving the shell an impatient pick she flew up to the window for a fragment that was not so obstinate.

The little male, whom I called Roly-poly, had some 'ways' that were rather odd, though they might not have been so regarded in the tomtit world. He and his mate had a nest in a hollow snag of a maple tree in the yard. He did not resent in the least the presence of other species of birds in the neighborhood as long as they did not come too near his nursery. The kingbirds and orchard orioles built their nests in the orchard just beyond the chicken park; the Baltimore orioles hung their hammocks in the trees of the yard; the catbirds and brown thrashers set up their households in the bushes not far away; the flickers and downy woodpeckers chiselled out their domiciles in the oak grove close at hand; the brilliant cardinals often came to the premises on foraging expeditions; two pairs of house wrens established nurseries in boxes put up in the yard. Yet Roly-poly never fought any of these species, neither did they interfere with any of his domestic affairs; but let another chickadee—that is, one of his own kin—so much as thrust his nose within his precinct, and instantly Roly-poly was up in arms, a bundle of excitement and wrath, and would pounce upon the intruder like a tiny spitfire and drive him helter-skelter to his own domain. 'No poaching! no poaching!' you could almost hear him exclaim.

This leads me to speak of an odd trait of chickadee life in the whole neighborhood, including the town and country. Each pair of tomtits had their own ward, to speak in school phrase, and that with few exceptions, and the boundaries were fixed with a good deal of definiteness. Perhaps they sometimes made neighborly visits, especially in winter, but of that I could not be sure. It was interesting to note the various places in which they had taken up their abodes.

Roly-poly and his mate lived on my premises at corner of Fifth and Sixth Streets, the yard being quite large and the house sitting back a few rods. On the next street west—that is, Sixth Street—and a little farther south, another pair found residence among some fine trees. Five blocks south of this on the same street a pair dwelt in a shallow swale where some willows grew. Then you followed a path that ran diagonally through a pretty patch of woodland, climbed a steep little hill to Eighth Street, and pursued the street-car track to a thick clump of scrub oaks. Here another couple lived in peace and security. About six blocks south of my home and on the same street I often saw a pair flitting about in a row of tall poplars. In this way I located many couples in the city, where they remained both summer and winter. It would seem that the chickadees have a strong home feeling.

The birds mentioned were all little town people; but when you went rambling out into the woods south of the city, you found the country tomtits living in all kinds of snug and inviting places, carrying out, for the most part, the same code that prevailed among their town kin. Yet it must be said that the rustics were more disposed to flock together in winter, perhaps for mutual safety for I frequently found them in companies of six to ten moving about in the woods—here to-day, somewhere else to-morrow. As a rule they were associated with a number of other kinds of birds, such as the juncos, tree sparrows, white-breasted nuthatches, cardinals, tufted titmice, and downy woodpeckers. When spring came they paired off, each little gallant winning a wife if he could, and each couple sought a part of the woods which they called their own precinct and which was not to be invaded by any other chickadees.

Is this question worth asking and answering? Why do some chickadees prefer the town and others the country? One might as well ask why some people choose town life and others country life. Whether the little rustics are more shy and bashful than their city cousins it would be hard to tell. So far as I can see, the woodland chickadees are little, if any, more afraid of us human folks than are those that live in town. It is a good thing that such a difference in taste prevails, for if all the thousands of chickadees wanted to live either in the country or the town there would not be room for all of them. Besides, those that live in the country help to preserve the forests and the orchards from the depredations of noxious insects, while the urban dwellers serve the same purpose in protecting the trees of the cities. All are useful, and should be well treated. It is little less than a crime to kill a chickadee—crime not only against the birds, but against human folk as well.

Many, many, are the injurious insects destroyed by the chickadees. A writer in a popular bird magazine tells of several young apple trees that were infested with plant lice; but a pair of tomtits found a home in a box on the premises, and reared a brood of little ones. The parents found the colonies of plant lice, and cleaned the trees entirely of them, carrying them to their hungry birdkins.

Nor was that all the chickadees accomplished. There was a nest of tent caterpillars in one of the large apple trees, and while the tomtits could not make use of the tough and spiny old worms, they caught all the tender young crawlers and carried them to their babies. Canker worms, larvae of all kinds, and many grasshoppers all were fed to the youngsters, which thrived and grew fat on the creatures that were so destructive to the trees and plants on the premises.

Did you ever know that the young chickadees are funny little things in their nests? Just as soon as the feathers begin to grow they show the pattern of the old ones, so that they cannot deny their chickadee descent. As they grow older and stronger, every now and then they will spring up toward the lighted doorway of their nursery, as if they want to get out. They gain strength and skill by practice, for the time soon comes when they are able to leap up and hold themselves to the wall with their sharp little claws, and then they soon scramble out of the orifice and try their wings for the first time in the great world of 'God's out-of-doors.'

What the Princes Chose for Tea.

The fascination of the forbidden—how very strong it is! And specially strong where Princes are concerned, whose lives are hedged round with so many galling restrictions. I daresay my readers may recall the story told of the Royal Princesses at Balmoral; how they were visiting an old woman, and she, willing to give them pleasure, asked them what they would like to do. They promptly asked to be allowed to play in her box-bed, and, jumping up and down on the feather bed, were soon in the highest of spirits. They explained the odd request by saying—'We've never been allowed to jump on a feather bed.' It had all the charm of novelty. The sailor Princes of Wales again, once, when they got a holiday, elected to spend it riding about London on an 'bus. Quite a natural and boyish ambition. And now in the third generation the trait appears, for I read the other day a quaint story told of the little Princes of Wales. They had been invited to take tea with the Sub-Dean of Windsor recently, and, wishful to give them a treat, the host inquired if there was anything special they would like. What was the reply, do you think? They declared—'We should very much like to have soup. We never have soup to tea.' And they got it!—English Paper.

Happy People.

A happy man or woman, is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle has been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that—they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Liveableness of Life.—R. L. Stevenson.

The advice to hitch your waggon to a star is old; not so old is the caution not to hitch your star to a waggon; but equally needful.

Never write a foolish thing in a letter or elsewhere. 'What is written is written.'—Mary Lyon.

If the pearls of the virtues became as common as pebbles they would not be less valuable.

He who demands the support of civil law to promote a social or religious cause has little faith in the justice of his cause or in the life-principle inherent in justice.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.—Thackeray.

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Let the Boys Help.

'Let us meet here at a quarter to seven, and have a moonlight coasting party!' cried Fred Baker. 'We will have supper at six, and that will give us lots of time to get here.' 'I can't come until half-past seven,' said Will Adams, after the other boys had shouted a noisy assent. 'I have to wash the supper dishes and put the room to rights.' There was a chorus of derision. 'Wash dishes—a boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?' 'I have,' said Will, quietly. 'I know of three boys in the Hamilton Hotel who have to wash dishes three times a day. 'Oh—but they are paid for it.' 'Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help your sick mother?'—'Columbus Dispatch.'

It Does'nt Pay.

My young friend, there are many things in the world that it doesn't pay to do.

It doesn't pay to pass yourself off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong book. A lier needs a better memory than any one is apt to possess.

It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilled milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk.—Dr. S. A. Steele, in 'Work.'

'A Very Little Fault.'

(Mrs. Cutler, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

As a matter of fact, Master Frank was in a very bad temper, and as he carefully nursed and fed it, it is not surprising that it grew and flourished. Everything went wrong that morning. The sums would not come right, and the composition, from the exceeding scarcity of ideas, except those relating to the harsh treatment he had received, was not a success. Things would probably not have been so bad if Mr. Adams himself had been the teacher. But to-day Mr. Jones, the first assistant, was in charge of the class, and that gentleman did not possess a large amount of patience. Moreover, he was altogether more careful of his dignity than the headmaster himself, and on this account was more particular even than Mr. Adams, often treating breaches of rule with more severity than the occasion demanded. He prided himself especially on the fact that nothing escaped him.

'Mansford,' cried he, suddenly, seeing Frank looking up from his book, 'if I see you speaking again you will come out.'

'I wasn't talking,' was Frank's answer, a shade of defiance in his voice.

It was not that the teacher disbelieved the boy's words, but the tone and look annoyed him.

'Just mind whom you're speaking to, will you?' he said rather roughly.

Frank's response to this was a contemptuous curl of the lip, and a few words muttered under his breath which did not escape the master, though he did not understand their import.

That was the first of many little unpleasant passages between the two, but it was not till the geography lesson that things came to a climax. Now Frank was very fond of geography, and a lesson given by Mr. Adams was something to be listened to with pleasure. But one by the assistant was a very different thing, and Frank found his thoughts wandering to his own affairs without making any effort to prevent them, and this did not escape Mr. Jones. After a long and dull description of the mountain-system of Asia, he suddenly turned to Frank with a question. As he expected, there was no answer forthcoming.

'That's exactly what I thought, Mansford,' he remarked. 'I told you that very thing not two minutes ago. I don't believe you've heard a word of the lesson. You'll stay after school and learn it from the book.'

This was certainly a little hard on Frank, who was well-known as one of the best scholars in geography; and the class was regarding him with much interest. He looked up with flashing eyes at the speaker and then as quickly dropped them.

'I shan't—not for you,' he remarked under his breath. The words had slipped out in anger and were not intended for the teacher's ears. But Mr. Jones, perhaps because he was expecting something of the kind, heard them. He drew himself up to his full height.

'Go to the desk at once, sir,' he cried. 'Do you think I will stand here to be insulted?'

If a thunderbolt had suddenly descended in the schoolroom it could scarcely have caused more astonishment than did this order. As to Frank himself he recoiled with horror at what was before him, though he was careful not to let his companions see how much he was disturbed. He marched out with his head in the air and a disdainful look in his face which meant he did not care. But standing quietly by the desk with the work of the school going on without him, Frank could not hide from himself the fact that he did care very much. He had got into terrible disgrace, and though Mr. Jones was not the very kindest teacher, he knew very well that he had brought it upon himself. No teacher, however indulgent, would have excused insolence, and of that his temper had made him guilty. And what would happen when the master came back? Would he be punished before all the school? If that should happen, Frank felt that his reputation would be gone for ever, and yet that was exactly what he had to expect. He wished the master would come back at once and get it over, and yet, when at last the latter entered the room, a thrill of dread passed through him. But Mr. Adams, beyond one surprised look at the culprit, took no further notice of him, and everything went on as before, except that a conversation took place between the master and his assistant of which Frank felt sure he was the subject. Twelve o'clock came, and the boys filed past out of school, leaving him still a prisoner. Then Mr. Adams came and sat down at the desk, and called the boy to him. He had heard an account of what had happened from Mr. Jones, he said, but he would like to have Frank's own version. Frank gave it as well as he could, helped here and there by the master's questions, and was forced to acknowledge that, looked at coolly, his conduct had been anything but good. The next ten minutes were not pleasant ones, for though Mr. Adams spoke very kindly, he overlooked nothing.

'This is very unusual conduct for you, Frank,' he concluded at last, 'indeed, were it not so unusual, I should have felt greater severity to be necessary. But having regard to your general behaviour, which is all that can be desired, I am inclined to make all possible excuses for what I suppose was the result of sudden temptation. I feel sure, too, that you are sorry for what has happened.'

Frank was really sincerely sorry, and was feeling very much ashamed of himself. There was something within him which prompted him to say so honestly, and to thank the master for his kindness. But his pride, which had grown very strong lately, interposed and kept him silent. Mr. Adams was perhaps a little disappointed for he said nothing for some moments. Then he went on, with just a shade more sternness than before.

'You are quite old enough, my boy, to know why impertinence to a teacher cannot be allowed, and I am sure your own good sense will prompt you to apologise to Mr. Jones for your words. Indeed,' he added, as he noticed the look which crossed the face of his listener, 'I shall expect you to do that this afternoon. You may go now.'

It was with very mixed feelings that Frank walked home. He was certainly relieved at the turn affairs had taken, but the master's last words had greatly disturbed him. He had given way to his pride till now it seemed that it had prevailed over every other feeling. How could he apologise to Mr. Jones? If it had been any of the other teachers it would not have been quite so distasteful, but Mr. Jones! He almost felt as if he would rebel and refuse to do it. But that would make things very much worse, he knew. He began to feel that after all he had been badly treated.

But other trials awaited him. Dick appeared suddenly to have become very interested in him, and every moment Frank was afraid he would say something which would acquaint their mother with the events of the morning. Dick did not mean to be unkind, and had no idea how painful his teasing was to his brother, but Frank found his temper rapidly wearing out in his attempts to silence his tormentor. Dinner-time was not much of a relief, for as soon as Mr. Mansford came in he inquired of Frank whether he had reached the school in time. This caused Dick to indulge in several meaning looks, and when their father innocently remarked that he had met the schoolmaster in the town that morning, and asked if Mr. Jones usually took charge when Mr. Adams was absent, he was so much amused that Frank could stand it no longer.

'Look here,' cried the latter with considerable heat, 'you'd better tell them all about it; I know you want to. I don't care if you do, and I don't want any dinner, either,' and before any one could stop him he had dashed out of the room and banged the door after him.

This was such strange behaviour that every one paused in astonishment, and the children looked somewhat apprehensively at their father.

To their surprise the latter only smiled.

'He has been getting into trouble at school, I suppose,' he remarked, 'and is a good deal ashamed of himself. No, my dear, I wouldn't call him back. Leave him to himself for a while till he gets the better of his temper. As to you, Dick,' he went on more sternly, 'if you have been trying to call our attention to it, as he thinks, it's very unkind of you, that's all I can say about it. He has never told tales of you, and I have it on your master's authority that you are not exactly an angel yourself.'

(Continued.)

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

How 'Buds' Kept Children's Day.

(By Mrs. Helen Hall Farley, in 'New York Observer.')

It was late in a cold and stormy autumn when Timothy Bud and his family took possession of the old Hawthorne place, which had been willed to him. Neither Mrs. Bud nor the three little daughters were pleased with the new home. In fact, it was not really prepossessing in its present condition. But—as Mr. Bud declared emphatically—'there were possibilities.'

'How can you judge a house until you wash it and dress it and make it look it's best?' he asked smilingly, 'and how can you judge the grounds when the trees are bare and brown and the snow lies thick on the ground? Just wait and see how things will look when spring comes!'

* * * * * *

Ah, how delightfully changed was the old Hawthorne place when spring came! Mr. and Mrs. Bud and the three small Buds had each and all a hand in 'washing and dressing the house and making it look it's best,' as Mr. Bud quaintly described it. It had been painted and papered and fixed up generally to the satisfaction of all the family. But the greatest change was outside, and dear old Mother Nature had brought it about without any help from the Buds. The three small Buds ran about the grounds in ecstasy. 'Ohs' and 'ahs' flew about like birds on the wing.

'Oh, the dear yard!'

'Oh, see the violets!'

'Oh, the sweet, sweet hyacinths'!'

'Oh, the jonquils!'

It was thus the 'Ohs' flew as the days went by.

'Oh, isn't it lovely to have such a garden right in the heart of the city?' cried out Felicia Bud, the eldest of the three Buds.

IT WAS SWEET TO SEE SMALL PALE FACES GROW RADIANT.

'Oh, I just love it!' was the eager response of the second Bud, whose name was Celia.

'So do I,' said Rose, the youngest.

You see, the Buds had never before lived where there was a garden, hence their joy.

'We can have flowers on the table every day,' they said, and they took turns in picking and arranging them.

They not only decorated the dining table and filled the vases throughout the house, but pinned flowers in their mother's hair and on the lapel of their father's coat. The more they picked, the more there were. I could not begin to tell you of all the flowers that grew on that dear old place. After the violets, the jonquils, and the hyacinths, came the tulips of various hues, the crocuses and the daffodils.

And then the lilies!

It was then—when the lilies bloomed—that the Buds suddenly realized their opportunity.

'We can't, we mustn't, keep all these flowers for ourselves!' declared Felicia, and the other Buds agreed with her.

So they began with loving ministry to divide their wealth of flowers with those who had none.

'It doesn't matter to whom we give them if its some one who needs them,' said Celia.

'I guess I know a little girl who needs some flowers,' observed little Rose eagerly. 'Don't you know that little girl who always sits at an upper window on Elm St.?'

'Oh, yes, I know who you mean,' said Celia, 'the little girl who looks as if she didn't have any friends.'

'Perhaps she hasn't any friends,' suggested Felicia; 'wouldn't that be dreadful?'

They all looked sober for a minute, and then a smile broke over the face of the youngest Bud as she said, sweetly thoughtful:

'We can be her friends—we three—can't we?'

'Of course we can! from Celia.

'And we will!' from Felicia.

Every week day the three Buds walked a couple of blocks through Elm St., on their way to and from school. The day after the one on which they had resolved to be friends to 'the little girl who looked as if she didn't have any, they started a little earlier than usual to school. They stopped on Elm St., and delivered a big bunch of lilies to the little girl at the upper window. This was the beginning of an exceptionally sweet ministry. In the wake of the lilies came other flowers as beautiful and as much loved—for the little girl at the upper window. Sometimes the three Buds ran in for a brief call, though usually they did not, but fresh flowers never failed to come at the right time. They waved their hands and smiled toward the upper window, and a frail little hand belonging to a 'shut in' with a radiant face, waved to them. But the child who sat at the upper

window was not the only one remembered by the three Buds. The flowers kept 'coming and coming and going and going,' as little Rose said. It would take too long to tell you where they all went, so I will only say that they cheered many a sad and suffering one. Some of these were well-to-do, some were poor, some old, some young, some middle-aged, but each and every one was sick and suffering and needed the ministry of flowers. And so the days went by.

* * * * * *

June had come and 'Children's Day' was near at hand. In the garden of the Buds the roses were all abloom.

'We must take a lot of roses to church on Children's Day,' said Celia.

'Yes, of course,' assented Felicia, 'but we'll have to remember a lot of God's dear little children who can't go to church.'

''Cause they're sick, poor little dears,' the youngest Bud said gently 'and they must keep Children's Day too.'

They talked it over in their eager way, the three Buds and Mamma Bud. Papa Bud, too, had his share of the talk. He had joined them on the rose-scented piazza, and he told them of a dear little boy who had been injured on the street and taken to the children's hospital.

'I'm sure he would like some of those beautiful June roses,' he said.

Of course he would like them, and he had them on 'Children's Day' in sweet abundance. But not he alone, for the Buds remembered each and every child in the hospital. The children at the church had their share of the roses from the Buds' garden, but they were no happier that glad day than were the dear little ones 'shut out.' At the hospital wheeled chairs were garlanded with and white cots sprinkled lavishly with the fragrant June roses. Ah, me, it was sweet to see the small pale faces grow radiant! It was sweet too, to see the little frail hands caress the roses—lifting them with gentlest touch to lips and cheeks. There seemed to be less pain than usual in the hospital that day, and few tears.

But, oh, the smiles!

And at night, when eyes of blue and black and brown and grey were closed in sleep, little hands still clasped the roses. The nurses, going about softly, smiled.

'How happy the children have been to-day,' whispered one nurse to another. 'It has seemed at times as if angels were near by.'

'That is the way I have felt,' was the response, 'and to-night when the children folded their hands in prayer, with the roses closely clasped within them—I fancied I could hear the rustle of angels' wings.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Little Heroine.

(By Marguerite).

(Concluded.)

You may be sure that Tottie was not long in getting her tea-party ready. She got out her own little china dishes, and arranged them nicely on a little table in the nursery, where her brother Freddy was playing. Then she placed the cake and jam on some nice little glass plates of mamma's and ran to her own room for a pretty blue vase full of flowers, which she placed in the centre of the table and her feast was complete. She then went out to invite her little friend.

'I've got a s'prise for you, the nicest one you ever saw,' she said, as two pairs of little feet pattered up the stairs. But there was a s'prise for herself as well as for her visitor, but not at all a pleasant one.

Little Freddie attracted by the pretty table, had stood admiring it for a moment, and had then endeavored to climb up to it. Unfortunately his ideas of climbing consisted in catching hold of something, and pulling with his baby fingers. So he caught hold of the corner of the table cover, and pulled with all his small strength.

Just as Tottie opened the door to lead in her little friend in triumph, there was a crash. Off came the table cover and down came the nice dishes and vase, and the cake and jam on poor little Freddie's head. 'Oh! Oh!' screamed the two girls, and 'Oh,' screamed Freddie. 'I'se hurted myself. I'se all blooded.' 'Oh Freddie, you bad, naughty boy, what have you done; all my nice dishes and everything broken up;' and Tottie's little fist was clenched to strike the little offender. 'I 'tould't help it, it comed, and my head's sore, boo, hooo,' cried Freddie, putting up his little hands to ward off the blow which he naturally expected would come. 'You poor darling, of course you couldn't, sister won't hurt you,' replied Nettie, relenting suddenly, as she remembered the heroine.

'What is all this?' cried nurse crossly, coming suddenly into the room.' 'What do you mean Miss Tottie, by bringing cake and jam here at this hour of the night? You must go to bed at once, and this is no time for visitors,' she added still more crossly, looking at Tottie's playmate, who at once left the room.

'But nurse, mamma said I might have a tea-party to-night, and stay up till eight o'clock.' 'I'm very sure your mamma said nothing of the kind,' was nurse's angry reply. 'Go to bed at once, or I will leave you in the dark.'

The night before Tottie would have screamed and kicked and told nurse she was a hateful old thing, but instead of that she merely said. 'I shall tell mamma about you in the morning,' and went quietly to bed.

'It was awful hard mamma, I had to bite my tongue to keep from saying things to nurse, but it was mean of her not to believe me when I told her what you said, now wasn't it?' 'Yes dear it was, for my little girl never told a lie, no matter what her other faults were, but you proved yourself quite a little heroine last night, and mamma is proud of you.' 'I'm afraid I won't be able to keep it up though,' said Tottie, with a wisdom in advance of her years. 'I'll forget about being a heroine I'm afraid, I slapped Freddy this morning, at least I almost did, only nurse came in. I meant to though.' 'Well my little girl can try, and she must remember that heroines are not easily discouraged,' answered mamma, and they went downstairs to breakfast.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost

LESSON X.—JUNE 4.

The Resurrection.

John xx., 11-23.

Golden Text.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. I. Cor. xv., 20.

Commit verses 19-21.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 29.—John xx., 11-23.
Tuesday, May 30.—Luke xxiv., 13-22.
Wednesday, May 31.—Acts ii., 22-33.
Thursday, June 1.—Acts iv., 1-12.
Friday, June 2.—Rom. vi., 1-12.
Saturday, June 3.—I. Cor. xv., 12-26.
Sunday, June 4.—Dan. xii., 1-13.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The record is charmingly natural when it describes the errand of the women to the sepulchre. They run with additional spices to complete the embalmment, desisted from because of the approach of the Sabbath. They start precipitately, forgetting to take some one with them strong enough to roll away the stone for them. They well reflect in their action the mental state of all the disciples. It is improbable that they had forgotten the saying of Jesus about rising the third day; but it is evident they did not attach a literal signification to his words. Their ingeniousness is incontestable. The resurrection was as complete a surprise to them as to their enemies. The very spices in their hands were evidence of their honesty. Their sorrowing suspicion of a theft of the body proved them no party to such a robbery.

That garden near to Calvary witnessed the most remarkable guard relieving of history. Four Roman soldiers, inured to all common causes of alarm, quaked like old earth herself, and swooned away, and with returning consciousness probably fled into the city, leaving their spears and shields upon the ground. Angels mounted guard in their stead. One of them possibly outshone his fellows. The snowy lustre of his raiment matched well his immaculate nature. The glory of his appearance was like an electric coruscation.

Among the holy women conspicuous at the cross and the grave, Mary Magdalene stands easily first. By some pitiful blunder, she has been confused, in art and Christian literature, with 'the woman who was a sinner,' so that her very name is used to describe a class of social outcasts. There is absolutely no evidence for this. About all we know of her is that she was from Magdala, on the southwestern coast of the Sea of Galilee. It has been said that there is reason to suppose that Mary Magdalene was in less humble circumstances than most of our Lord's disciples. He had set her free from some terrible mental or physical malady, and she gave him the holy love of a warm and generous nature.

She, with greater fervor perhaps than the others, started earlier (while it was yet dark) on the errand to the tomb. What was in her heart was richer than what was in her hand.

The description of Mary's recognition of Jesus is one of the most unique and skilful things in literature. Much in little! 'Jesus saith unto her, Mary!' She turned herself, and saith unto him, 'My Master.'

An entirely unnecessary mystical meaning has been attached to Jesus' words, 'Touch me not!' Pharaphrased, they might be read: 'Don't cling to me now; there will be opportunity for you to express your affection in the future, for I have not yet left the world. Hurry to my brethren, and tell.'

The final scene of the first Easter Sunday is an interior one. It is perhaps in that very upper room in which Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples. The shepherdless sheep are cowering behind closed doors. They are afraid of eavesdroppers or even a violent assault of their enemies. 'Peace!' What a word to be spoken to such a company at such a time and by such a Person! The 'breathing' of Jesus upon his disciples was a symbolical act. It is as if he was instituting a new sacrament, for he says to them just as he did when he handed them the bread and the cup, 'Take the Holy Spirit.'

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

These women were in the way of loving service. That is how they came to be the first witnesses of the resurrection. Loyal doing leads to royal knowing. 'If any will do, he shall know.'

The stone was rolled away to exhibit the emptiness of the tomb. It was not rolled away for Jesus, but for his disciples; not that he might come forth, but that they might enter and see that he was gone.

The Crusades were a fight for a will-o'-the-wisp. The holy sepulchre, as called, is in the heart of a city, and, it is now conceded, can not have been the place of entombment. The true site is lost. It is well. We worship not the place, but the Person.

The Oriental manner of burial is interesting; the winding-sheet and napkin; embalmment; rock-hewn chamber; 'loculi,' like stemship berths, in which bodies were laid. Stone for door, sometimes shaped like millstone and set in groove, so as to be rolled and held in position by a smaller stone like a chuck under a wheel.

It was just such a place that Jesus forsook on that first Easter morning. He first took precaution to fold the long linen strip with which his body had been swathed, and laid it on the spot where his feet had rested; then he did the same with the smaller strip, called a napkin in our translation. Thus he left an ocular proof that his body had not been removed in haste or by thieves.

The love, faith, fidelity of womanhood is transfigured in the resurrection scene.

Mary mourned what was really her greatest gain. Suppose she had found the body still in the tomb. It would have been the most disastrous 'find' of history. What Mary ignorantly deprecated was really the infinite gain of humanity. The very emptiness of Jesus' tomb is its chief glory.

The open tomb was converted into a bureau of information for the troubled disciples. White-liveried attendants were there to point them to the place where the Lord lay and to the grave clothes laid in such orderly fashion as to preclude the idea of a hasty and clandestine removal, and to announce the blessed truth, 'He is risen'

The special authority to 'remit and retain' was not given to the apostles in the language, 'Whosoever sins ye forgive,' etc. It is as if Jesus had said, 'You are going out to preach the terms of forgiveness; viz., repentance and faith. If men meet the conditions they will be forgiven. If they do not, their sins will stand against them.' Any other interpretation would give a mechanical and arbitrary power of a privileged class over their fellow.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Mary stood: Revised Version, was standing, on her return to the tomb after telling Peter and John that Jesus was not in the tomb. Such offices (as embalmment) were performed by those who were not closely related to the deceased, so that the absence of our Lord's mother is not wonderful.—Bengel. She stooped and looked: Because she was anxious to see whether she might not, after all, be mistaken about the absence of the body. She stooped because the top of the entrance was so low that she could not otherwise get a near view of the inside of the tomb.—Clark. Even in the midst of her grief she is moved by a natural desire to see if there is any trace of her Lord's body in the tomb. Seeth two angels: To be regarded as a distinct vision to Mary, which, from the fullness with which it is recorded, she probably herself related to the evangelist. She turned: It may be that the angels, looking toward the Lord, showed some sign of his coming.—Westcott. Why weepest thou? This first word of the risen Lord to a mortal is an inexhaustible text for the resurrection. He has risen again to comfort those who mourn.—Stier. Whom seekest thou? Christ takes cognizance of his people's cares.—Henry. Borne him hence: Her answer shows that she thought it possible that it had been found inconvenient to have the body of Jesus in that tomb and that it had been removed to some other place of sepulchre. Take him away: In order to inter him elsewhere. Her overflowing love, in the midst of her grief, does not weigh her strength. Jesus saith unto her, Mary: With one word, and that one word her name, the Lord awakens all the consciousness of his presence; calling her in that tone, doubtless, in which her soul had been so often summoned to receive Divine knowledge and precious comfort.—Alford. Unto him: ['In Hebrew']. Rabboni: The insertion in Hebrew is of importance as indicating the language spoken between Christ and his disciples. Peace be unto you: Ordinary words of salutation, of more than ordinary significance. Breathed on them: The Lord in his majesty does not bestow a kiss. His sacred breath is more than that would have been.—Stier. Like the breath of a friend on the cheek, so graciously and confidentially should the Spirit of God come upon the spirit of man.—Braune.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 4.—Topic.—The making of a Christian; helping one another. Eph. iv., 1-6; Heb. x., 24, 25. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE FIERY SERPENTS.

Monday, May 29.—The king of Edom. Num. xx., 14-21.

Tuesday, May 30.—Going around Edom. Judges xi., 16-18.

Wednesday, May 31.—Getting discouraged. Num. xxi., 4.

Thursday, June 1.—They spake against God Ps. lxxviii., 18-22.

Friday, June 2.—Nehushtan. II. Kings xviii., 4.

Saturday, June 3.—Paul's thought about it. I. Cor. x., 1-11.

Sunday, June 4.—Topic—The fiery serpents. Num. xxi., 4-9; John iii., 14, 15.

Real Teaching Wanted.

It is alarming to be told that, in proportion to the number of the children, there are 50,000 fewer teachers in Sunday-schools than there were a decade ago, in consequence of which many superintendents are driven to accept any volunteer teacher, whether fit for the work or not. It is little wonder that there is such a terrible abyss between the school and the Church; a mere minority passing from one to the other. We need teachers—real teachers—who can do something more than 'say a few words' to the young. Children want teaching.

We often wonder if many people grasp the meaning of the word 'teach.' To entertain them with stories, keep them quiet in view of prizes, lecture them—this is not teaching. Anybody will not do as a teacher. There must be tact, love and training. The whole question of religious training for the young will have to be faced as never before, in view of recent events and future developments. But, above all, parents need to know the Divine art of teaching their own offspring the ways of the Lord, for there is no school like the home.—'Christian.'

Some men's hearts are as great as the world, and still have no room in them to hold the memory of a wrong.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MAY.

1.
Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you. Luke xxiv., 49.
Helen I. Wilson. Florence Dunlop.

3.
It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life. John vi., 63.
Alvira M. Hassan. Naomi A. F.

5.
The kingdom of heaven is within you. Luke xvii., 21.
Agnes W. Hodgson, Myrtle Churchill, Leland M. Sherman, R. Duston.

6.
Let your lights be burning. Luke xii., 35.
Robert Torrence Dunlop.

7.
He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. Luke xvi., 10.
Ellen M. Ferguson.

8.
I have prayed for you that your faith fail not. Luke xxii., 32.
Annie D. A., Leonard R. Scott.

9.
I am the door, by me if any man enter he shall go in and out and find pasture. John x.,9.
Agnes M. McGirr, May L. B. Taylor, Helen E. I.

10.
Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also. Luke xii., 34.
Stella F. Logan, G. McLeod.

11.
Follow me and I will make you to become fishers of men. Matthew iv., 19.
Alfred Merle Bouker.

12.
Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. Psa.
(By request of Lorene Williamson.)
Lorene Williamson, Elizabeth McGirr, Mary Laura.

13.
A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Luke xii., 15.
Hazel E. Gilchrist.

14.
Blessed are the meek. Matt. v., 5.
Bertha J. McKenzie (12).

15.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness. Matt. v., 6.
Jenson Bain, Clarence T. Donglass, Catherine R. McCaskill.

16.
Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. v., 9.
Henrietta MacLennan.

17.
Be reconciled to thy brother. Matt. v., 24.
R. I. V., Ethel Hamilton.

18.
Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Matt. ix., 6.
Mabel Hayes, Kate McL. (14).

21.
Whosoever shall confess me before men him will I confess before my Father which is in Heaven.
Marjory Louise Dunlop.

22.
My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.
Agnes Edna Brownlow.

23.
What will ye that I should do unto ye?—Lord, that your eyes might be opened. Matt. xxxii., 33.
George J. Matthews, Sara Rebecca Fullerton, Mollie E. M. (13), Ethel McL.

24.
With God all things are possible. Matt. xix., 26.
Emma Latchford, Annie May Nolan, Lillian I. McGee, Margaret E. L. M., Evelyn Turner, Alice B. Fenlason.

25.
As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. Luke vi., 31.
Julia Paul.

27.
One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. Matt. xxiii., 7.
Sarah Radcliffe.

28.
By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, is ye have love one to another. John xiii., 35.
Ernest Bell, Dods Bell.

29.
I am the vine, ye are the branches,—without me ye can do nothing. John xv., 5.
J. Lee Boothe.

31.
Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it. Luke xi., 28.

May B. Hopkins, Vera L. Hopkins, Ella Lawson, Willie F. Hoar, M. A. Beckingham, Archena M. Conner, Florence May Burdett.

1. 'Bird.' Ina M. Dimock (13), N. H.
2. 'Owl.' Lorene W. (13), D., Ont.
3. 'Owl.' Leon Frosch (9), B., Ont.
4. 'Bird.' Dorothy V., Ont.
5. 'Bird.' Pressie M. Ferguson, D., N.S.
6. 'Old Reliable' (a pickering). Bessie E. Denoran (14), D., Ont.
7. 'Bird and Her Brood.' Violet E. Brownlow (12).
8. 'A Chicken Ride.' Milton Johannes (14), B., Ont.
9. 'Ducklings.' Stanley Murray, D., N.S.
10. 'Two Geese.' Victor S. Langille (10), D., N.S.
11. 'Chickens.' Leo Gillis, D., N.S.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Among our letters today you will notice a letter from a boy of six, and one from a boy of five years old. They have read of the people in the dreary land of Labrador, and have sent their gifts. Are there not other little ones who would like to share in this work? Another letter is from a 'Fisherman,' who realizes there is need for help, and is only too glad to contribute to the cot fund. His gift and interesting letter were called forth merely by seeing a sample copy of the 'Messenger' in a friend's house. What are you all doing with your 'Messengers'? Are you showing the articles about Dr. Grenfell and his missionary work to your friends? Are you trying to interest them in the hospitals? Are you getting up clubs in school or Sunday-school to see if unitedly you can make a nice little sum to send in before very long? Are you earning money or saving money for it, or what are you doing?

Don't miss this opportunity, boys and girls, of doing something for these people who have so few advantages. Perhaps none of you could possibly pay for the cot yourself for the whole year, but that is no reason why you should not do your share, whatever that is. Remember that wishing the work success means very little unless you do what you can for it.

Don't despise your opportunity, boys, girls, but take the thing up in earnest.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Port Bruce, Ont.

Dear Editor,—In a sample copy of the 'Messenger' that I saw by chance at a friend's, I saw these words in a little paragraph at the bottom of a page, 'Don't forget what we said last week about a 'Messenger' cot in one of Dr. Grenfell's Hospitals at Labrador.' Now, of course, I don't understand the details of the plan, but it is evidently to establish a hospital cot in a hospital of Dr. Grenfell's, and for that purpose enclosed please find a small contribution. I have heard much of Dr. Grenfell's work on the Labrador coast, and have read his address at the Canadian Club in Toronto; and read 'Dr. Luke of the Labrador,' and others of Norman Duncan's stories. All the people in the port here are fishermen; some with sail-boats and some with steam-tugs. My father is one of a company owning two tugs that do much of the fishing. On Good Friday I was out with the men about three or four miles upon the lake (Lake Erie it is) to pull the gill-nets. At this time of the year work out there is cold and windy, and since the men have to 'husk' the fish out of the nets with bare hands, it is an icy cold job. But in the summer it is splendid, sometimes the nets being twelve or thirteen miles out. As for the dangers of fishing, we all, or the men, at any rate, don't think a thing about it, the men all vowing that they would rather be fishermen than railway men or municipal firemen. But sickness is a vastly different thing. It seems to me that a fishing port in the winter is the most unhealthy place in the country, just as it is the most healthy in the summer. You see in the winter the presence of a big body of water makes the air warm and damp, so that sickness is prevalent. Wishing you all success in this undertaking, A FISHERMAN.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

FOR THE 'MESSENGER' COT, LABRADOR.

Previously acknowledged, $8.15; Georgeia May McInnis, Winslow Road, 10c; Anna and Bessie Lowther, Nappan, 50c; Bert Seldy, Newcastle, 10c; Cecil and George Jack, Rosewood, 50c; Elsie J. L., Norman, 10c; Pupils of Morehead School, 28c; A 'Messenger' Reader, 10c; Birdie Devine, Saltford, 10c; Etta Gipson, Elgin, 10c; Charlotte Mathewson, Montreal, 50c; A Friend, Althorpe, 25c; M. A. Ross, Ray, 10c; Enid Fee, St. Hyacinthe, 50c; B. L. Hamilton, Baie Verte, 50c; Mrs. A. MacTavish, Balderson, $1; W. W. Johnston, 25c; total, $13.13.

(Some of the letters intended for this week are held over till next week for lack of space.)

Temperance

A Sore Temptation.

(Birdie E. Slade, in the 'National Advocate.')

The school had closed, for holiday time had come,
And the boys were joyously filled with thoughts of home;
But one stood apart with a gloomy and wistful face,
For in the gleeful rush he had no place.
Three months ago he'd bidden a long farewell
To his parents, who went to a distant land to dwell;
And he alone, amid all that throng of boys,
Had scarcely the heart to join in their fun and noise.

But one came near with a bound and cry of glee:
'Hurrah, old man! here's jolly news,' cried he;
'My father says if you've nowhere else to go,
You'd better just come along and join our show.
'Twill be so dull for you to stop here alone;
And it doesn't matter a bit that you've never known
Our folks before, for they'll all be glad to see
A fellow who's done so many good turns for me.'

So, nothing loth, our hero packed up and went,
A little shy, of course, but earnestly bent
On doing his best to please his friends so kind,
And hoping a pleasant holiday to find.

Pleasant indeed did his schoolmate's home appear,—
All vied the lonely boy to welcome and cheer;
And quickly flew the bright hours on wings of joy,
With nought to grieve, and but little to annoy.
But then came an evening when, to celebrate
A great rejoicing, a feast was set in state.
The eldest son, who had as a volunteer
His country served, in the distant scenes so drear
Where bloodshed reigns, had come to his home once more,
Proud of the scars which he as war's trophy bore;
And intimate friends were called to rejoice that he
Had safely returned to his anxious family.

The glasses were filled, and the father, with ready hand,
Gave the toast of 'The lads who strive for their native land:'
'Drink! drink!' cried he, 'to the health and success of those
Who fight for their country's honor and others' woes.'

A murmur arose—each heart felt the patriot's thrill,
For the soldier wins from his fellows swift plaudits still.
But one hand stretched out for the glass was strangely stayed,
And Arthur sat trembling—troubled and sore dismayed.
How could he drink this pledge in the sparkling wine?
He who had learned that the fangs of the serpent shine
In its ruby depths; who was pledged to ever shun
The tempter which had his native land undone.

'But you must!' urged an inward voice; 'you cannot refuse
To share in the toast, and such kindness as this abuse.
Nor can you tell your host you know better than he
What your drink for pledging the hero's health should be.'

But thro' these specious whispers a memory came—
'My boy,' said a soft voice, 'never let fear or shame
Deter you from doing the thing that is right;
Keep the gospel armor and temperance shield all bright.'

'Please, sir,' came in trembling tones, and all eyes were turned
To the lad on whose cheeks the scorching blushes burned—
'I want to drink the toast, but I musn't take
A single sip of the wine, or my plege I'd break.
Please, sir, may I have some water.' The kind host frowned
And for a moment a scornful laugh went round.
But quickly arose in his place the soldier young,
And a strange confession fell from his faltering tongue.

'I thank you, young stranger,' he said, 'who has come to save
My cowardly heart from committing an error grave.
Father, I too have need of the temperance vow,
Tho' never my weakness has been confessed till now.
On the battle field yonder I saw it, and vowed, if spared,
I'd seek the new life for which I had never cared:
But in the excitement of home-coming I forgot
That folly which cast on my soldier-life a blot.
This lad has shown me the courage that's truest and best,
And I really think we had better drink with our guest;
For the wine is a deadlier foe—as I've proved too well—
Than any that ever abroad on our nation fell.
Let us cast it away, and now, for each other's sake,
To the perils of social customs grow fully awake!
Let us fight for the souls of men as for national right,
And try to wash our country's dark record white.'

The father listened amazed; but his heart was wise,
And his son's great peril was flashing before his eyes:
He saw his responsibility vast—untold—
And hastened his strength to the weaker hand to hold.
'It shall be as you wish,' he said—and the wine was cast
From the social board; while the young guest's terror passed,
And the soldier's heart grew strong in the new-made vow,
That seemed so easy to cherish and live by now.

A happy boy was our hero, as back he went
To school with his comrade, when holidays all were spent;
For tho' Fred pretended to please, and often complained
That he had stolen their sweets of life, he knew there remained
In that happy home a joy that had deeper grown
Because an enemy had been overthrown.

Yet Arthur had only simply done the right,
As every boy may do who is here to-night.

The Universal Dissolvent.

'Will alcohol dissolve sugar?'

'It will,' replied Old Soak; 'it will dissolve gold and brick houses, and horses, and happiness and love and everything else worth having.—Houston 'Post.'

Knowledge.

'Oh! he drinks, of course, but he says that he knows when he's had enough.'

'That may be, but by the time he acquires that knowledge he knows nothing else, not even his own name.'—Philadelphia 'Press.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

In Summer-time.

Our hearts go out in summer-time,
When earth is glad with life,
And balmy whisperings of love
Have stilled all wintry strife,
To Him who made the sunshine bright
With wakening power ablaze,
Who clothed our land with verdant-down
And filled the skies with praise.

Our hearts find rest in shady vales,
Where tuneful streamlets run,
And velvet banks so soft and green
Invite the weary one;
Where smiling sunbeams shyly peer
And heavenly songsters dwell
In sight of Him, their songs to sing,
Who doeth all things well.

New strength we gain in summer-time
From sunny, breezy height,
From joyous earth and gleaming sea,
All beaming with delight;
So fresh and free, this bracing breath
New hope and ardor gives
To serve with praise, when, summer gone,
The deadening autumn lives.

Our hearts go out to God in praise,
A Paradise is here;
And we are His and He is ours—
Our Saviour ever dear;
Yet brighter glory reigns beyond,
This, too, our eyes shall see,
For all is ours, both there and here
And through eternity.

—G. W. Keesey, in the 'Examiner.'

The Woman of Tact.

A woman of tact is one who feels that the story told to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. A woman of tact is the woman who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young, and who makes herself agreeable to all women in all conditions of life. A woman of tact is one who makes her good-morning a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day, and her good-by a hope that she may come again. A woman of tact is one who does not always gauge people by their clothes or their riches, but who strongly condemns bad manners. A veritable woman of tact is the best type of a Christian, for her very consideration makes other women always long to imitate her. A woman of tact is one who is courteous under all circumstances, and in every condition in which she may be placed. A woman of tact is one whose love for humanity is second only to her life's devotion, and whose watchword is unswerving unselfishness in thought and action, at all times, and in every season. By putting self last it finally becomes natural to have it so.—Exchange.

Rhubarb, the Old Reliable.

(G. D., in the 'New England Homestead.')

There's something generous and faithful about the way rhubarb springs up and spreads its big leaves just as early as it possibly can. Sometimes I think we don't appreciate it as we should.

Only think, it will give up its own flavor and share that of most any fruit. This doesn't seem possible when you consider how marked its taste is. In that way you can eke out a shortage of fruit very easily. First boil it without sugar, then strain, and you have a foundation for deceptive flavors.

Rhubarb and black currants boiled together

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and then very carefully strained make black currant jelly. After straining boil with equal weight of sugar.

When making apricot pie a few spoonfuls of rhubarb sauce can be added. Take equal quantities of red currants, loaf sugar and rhubarb juice, boil and strain, and when it boils a second time drop in some ripe strawberries, one at a time, and a delicious dessert results.

The plain rhubarb juice boiled with sugar and a little molasses until thick and dark makes a fine coloring for gravies and soups.

They say if you cut up the stalks before washing them they will cut easier, and not be so apt to string. Anyhow, use a sharp knife.

I always either steam or bake rhubarb sauce. One time I was visiting where they had a boarder, and a fussy one, too. He said that he never ate rhubarb sauce—didn't care for it. I had a good-natured chat with him about it, and found he had never seen any but the very stringy, stew-to-pieces kind. So I had no difficulty in persuading him to taste some that I prepared.

It was the nice red sort. You may be sure I did not peel it. I cut it into inch lengths and placed it in the glass dish it was to be served in, with plenty of sugar; covered it, so the steam wouldn't condense and make too much syrup, and steamed gently until it was soft enough to pierce easily with a silver fork. It has so much juice of its own it doesn't ever need any water when cooked this way. Dear me! The way that man eat that would make you forget he had ever imagined he didn't like plain rhubarb sauce. I didn't blame him. To begin with, it looked luscious, and then its taste was equal to its appearance.

Selected Recipes.

Dandelion Greens.—It is the acrid flavor of this weed that makes it a favorite in spring days. Only the tenderest and smallest plants should be used. Most persons prefer to sacrifice some of the benefits to be derived from their dark juices rather than eat anything as bitter as they naturally are. So the leaves are parboiled in two waters and rinsed in cold water after each draining. Then they are boiled for fifteen minutes, or until tender. Drain them, run cold water over them, and chop fine. Just before serving, heat them in a frying-pan with a little butter, salt and pepper. Send them to the table with the top garnished with hard-boiled eggs.

New Potatoes with Parsley Sauce.—Select small new potatoes and scrub with a small brush or a rough wet cloth until the outer skin is rubbed off. Do not use a knife, except to remove blemishes. Boil in salted water and when drained place in a serving dish and pour over them the thick parsley sauce which can be made as follows: Melt five tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add six tablespoonfuls of flour and cook slowly together for five minutes. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper and three cupfuls of hot milk. Stir until smooth and very thick, cook slowly for five minutes, then keep hot in a double boiler.

One-half of a cupful of this is to be slightly reduced with one-quarter of a cupful of hot milk and the strained juice of a half lemon, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley added, and poured over the potatoes in the serving dish.

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